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indence Cleveland Herabil.) GNADENHUTTEN.

Choice Boetry.

PAUL REVERESS RIDE.

en, my children, and you shall bear ne midnight ride of Paul Revere, he eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Pive: ally a man is now alive, o remembers that famous day and year.

He said to bis friend: "If the British march By land or sea from the town to night, Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-art. Of the North Church tower, as a signal-light— One if by land, and two if by sea; And I on the opposite shore will be, Ready to ride and spread the slarm Through every Middlesex village and firm, For the country-folk to be up and to aris."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar, Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore, Just as the moon rose over the bay, Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay The Somersett, British man-of-war: A phantom ship, with each mast and spar Across the moon, like a prison-bar, And a huge, black halk, that was magnified By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street, Wanders and watches with eager ears, I'll in the silence around him he hears 'the muster of men at the barrack-door, The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet, And the measured tread of the greuadiers, Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church, I'p the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread, To the helfry-chamber overhead.

And startied the pigeons from their perch On the sembre rafters, that round him made Masses and moving shapes of shade—Up the light ladder, slender and tall. To the highest window in the wall. Where he paused to listen, and look down. A moment on the roofs of the town, And the moonlight flowing over all.

And the moomight nowing over an.

Reneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentimel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
of the lenely belify and the dead;
For auddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride, Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride. On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere. New he patted his horse's side, Now gazed on the landscape far and near, Then, impedence, stamped the earth, And turned and tightened his saddle-girth; But mostly he watched, with eager scarch, The beifry-tower of the old North Church, As it rose above the graves on the hill, Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height, A glimmer, and then a gleam of light! He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns, But fingers and gazes, till full on his sight. A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village-street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and deet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a mation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village-clock, When he crossed the bridge into Medford town. He heard the crowing of the cock, And the barking of the farmer's dog. And felt the damp of the river-fog. That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock, When he rode into Lexington. He saw the gibbed weathercock Swim in the moonlight as he passed, And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare, Caze at him with a spectral glare, As if they already stood aghast. At the bloody work they would look upon.

his work.

"Poor fellow!" said a planter, one day, to a group of these sympathizers; "Poor Jack!—It's no wonder he went crazy after all that!"

"Crazy!" exclaimed a hunter. "I tell ye Jack Long ain't crazy! Leastways he's comin' to himself pretty fast. The fact on it is, Jack come of a breed that don't take kindly to floggin'—a tory hatin', injun killin', bear fightin' sort of breed, an' when one of that sort gets the har riz the wrong way, it takes a heap o' grease to slick it down again;—it does, now you bet!"

Others averred that they had seen the ghastly hunter in the woods, though none were ready to admit that they had actually spoken with him.

"How does he manage to get his ammunition!" asked one.

"Git his ammunition." was the amaze of Wiles.

When this was reported to Captain Hinch, though the showed no sign of emotion in public, remorse and fear together almost drove him frantic most fiendish sublicty of the vengeance that was formed and he was being reserved until the last.

What additional torment could there be in store from him? Nothing, perhaps, except, it might be, the daily and hourly death of anticipation.

He grouned aloud in his agony—pressing his country of the seminary of the vengeance that was being reserved until the last.

What additional torment could there be in store from him? Nothing, perhaps, except, it might be, the daily and hourly death of anticipation.

He grouned aloud in his agony—pressing his must surely come.

"What pain, he thought, to have a grain of sand, a straw, an infinitessimal speck, invade that ten-

admit that they had actually spoken with him.

"How does he manage to get his ammunition?"
asked one.

"Git his amminition?" was the answer. "Why
thar's any quantity of men in Shelby, that are
ready to give him the last ounce of powder and
lead they've got, so long as he only keeps a shootin' straight—an' he's likely to do that for a while."

Six remained out of the original ten, and the
lives of these men were fast becoming a burden
to them. Not for a moment, by day or night, did
they feel anything like security, and they could
hardly turn their heads without a shivering fear
of beholding the phantom hunter.

They would no longer go abroad alone, but,
even in their hanting excursions, kept as much
together as possible.

About ten days had elapsed before any news of
Jack's presence had been received, and two of
them, named Davis and Nixon, were riding home
in gompany.

They had steamed their hearts which before

them, named Davis and in company.

They had stopped their horses to drink, before crossing a little run, when, just as they were starting up the opposite bank, the dreaded apparition arose swiftly out of the bashes, and the terrible eyes looked into theirs with a far more than measured fascination—it was that of fear? terrible eyes looked into theirs with a far more than mesmeric fascination—it was that of feur! "It was but a moment, but it seemed an age, and then the long rifle shot forth its tongue of flame, and for Nixon that look had been his last. His horrified comrade, who never thought of trying to use his own rifle, was permitted to es-cape; but when the assembled neighbors went af-

ter the body of Nixon, they found it lying by the edge of the little run, and, as all of them would have been willing to swear, before-hand, shot is

the egc.

There was no need of any further evidence as to whose was the awful handiwork mon which they were gazing:—there was the sign and seal of the terrible vengeance of the lynched hunter, and men shuddered as they reflected that it was only half accomplish d. "Five more, and every man of them as good as dead this very day!—It's awful!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIX OUT OF TEN. Day after day went by, and still the breath of life, in spite of wounds and fever, clung mysteriously to the shattered frame of Dr. Dufour, as he lay in the half finished upper room of Captain Hinch's plantation house. At intervals a gleam of reason returned to him, and he invariably improved it by studing for Hinch, to give him, in language more for cible than select, his opinion of his idictic conduct in permitting matters to arrive at their present pass.

his into the column in personal persona

rowly escaped losing, and devoted herself to her husband and her almost doting father-in-law.

Day after day went by, and nothing new occurred to disturb the public mind, though the late events were necessarily more than a nine days' wonder.

Outside of their own set, there could be little sympathy felt for the Regulators, and now a few talked under their breath about such things as "a just retribution."

The persecuted hunters, and other objects of Regulating manevolence, began now to make their appearance again, and even to gather in little knots around the grocery corners to discuss the late fearful occurrences, and venture half prophecies that Jack Long had not completed his work.

"Poor fellow!" said a planter, one day, to a group of these sympathizers; "Poor Jack!—It's no wonder he went crazy after all that!"

"Crazy!" evelained a hunter. "It tell ye Jack" "Crazy!" evelained hunter."

As if he had been waiting there all night long, and was prepared for his opportunity, from behind the neighboring smoke-house promptly stepped the giant form which the doomed assassin dreaded to see.

For a moment, as if in order that his victim might be sure of his identity—sure from whose hand the blow was to come—the blazing black eyes riveted the shuddering gaze of Andrews; and then, with the usual swift and unerring movement, the rifle came to the skin-covered the gang of lynchers lay prone across his own door-sill, with a ball through his brain, entering by the very organ into whose terrified nerves the gaze of the hunter had been directed.

When this was reported to Captain Hinch, though he showed no sign of emotion in public, remorse and fear together almost drove him frantic.

He saw, or thought he saw, the entire and al-

crime-stained hands upon the blood-shot organ through which he knew the messenger of death must surely come.

What pain, he thought, to have a grain of sand, a straw, an infinitessimal speck, invade that tender organ!—And what then must it be to have it crushed to atoms by the twisted path of a mass of lead, driven with irresistible power, and winged with revenge?

Was there no escape! Was there no way of destroying the destroyer himself?

Why should all other men be able to go about their daily avocations in tantalizing security, while to him the free air of heaven was denied.

"What do you mean, Dr. Dufour?" stammered Himch.

"Mean? Why, I mean that you, of all the gang, will no more escape the vengeance of Jack Long, than either you or I can hope to escape the awful reckoning to which I am now going! Think of it.!—Think of it all!—I am going—I am going now!"

And the black eyes closed, the attenuated from sank back upon its pillows, the jaw dropped, and the long struggle of that splendid and supple frame with the fell destroyer was forever over. Dr. Dufour was dead!"

Captain Hinch.

This was certainly a wonderful refinement of punishment—worthy of the Inquisition in its palmiest days.

Leaving him in his unutterable misery, we will pay a call upon our happy friends.

Charlie and his bride had spent their honeymoon quietly at home, undisturbed in the enjoyment of all that pure and honest love could give them, and well aware that the grisly phantom of the woods had no terrors in store for them.

No longer with the fear of the Regulators before his eyes, Charlie strode after the deer, and watched for the turkeys as if Shelby County had been the very paradise of law and order, not without a lurking wish that he might at some time come across his old friend.

And, at last, his half-formed desire was gratified.

And, at last, his half-formed uesire was generated.

He was returning, healthily tired, from a long day's hunt, when, suddenly, the figure of which he had been dreaming stood before him, though not by any means so unnatural or awe-inspiring as he had imagined.

It was no longer a mere skeleton, and something of decency and order showed itself in the arrangement of the garb of skins.

Charlie Grover was as brave as a lion, and he same out:

At the end of the conference, the hunter struck into the woods, and Charlie returned home, to re-late his adventures to his sweet little wife.

CHAPTER XXIV

AN UNHEALTHY COUNTY.

of lead, driven with irresistible power, and winged with revenge?

Was there no escape? Was there no way of
destroying the destroyer himself?

Why should all other men be able to go about
their daily avocations in tantalizing security,
while to him the free air of heaven was denied
under fearful penalties?

This was certainly a wonderful refinement of
punishment—worthy of the Inquisition in its
palmiest days.

And the black eyes closed, the attenuated from
sank back upon its pillows, the jaw dropped, and
the long struggle of that splendid and supple
frame with the fell destroyer was forever over.

Captain Hinch gazed upon the inanimate clay
before him for a few moments in silence, and
punishment—worthy of the Inquisition in its
palmiest days.

then, with a sigh of relief, he went out to announce the fact, and give directions for the funeral.

All who had ever been in any way connected with the Regulators attended, as a matter of course, and, from curiosity, or possibly better motives, the gathering of planters was very respectable. Charlie Grover and his father were among them, nor could the former see the heavy clocks fall upon the coffin of his enemy, without a keen appreciation of his own responsibility for his unnimely end.

Under the shadow of a neighboring wood, a silent spectator, a tall form, stood leaning on a rifle.

"Reckon he may have been the worst of 'em, after all, but then he did' fall to my sheer. I ain't sorry he's dead, an' I ain't sorry I didn't kill him. I'm glad Marble an' that other feller got away. Only one left now, an' he sasta't git off. Reckon be'll try it on, but it son't do! He was wust of all."

And with these words, as the last clod fell upon the coffin, the wild looking spectator disappeared in the forest.

That night, as soon as darkness had covered the earth, Captain Hinch stole from the door of his almost deserted home, crept to the stable, saddled his horse, and rode off into the night.

All night long he rode, as if some pursuing fiend was on his track, losing sight, in the eager haste of guilty fear, of all prudence in the management of his horse.

All day long they toiled under the boiling sun;

day's hunt, when suddenly, the figure of which had been dreaming stood before him, though not by any means so unnatural or awe-inspiring as he had imagined.

It was no longer a mere skeleton, and something of deceney and order showed itself in the arrangement of the garb of skins.

That night, as soon as darkness had covered the earth, Captain Hinch stole from the door of his almost deserted home, crept to the stable, saddled his horse, and rode off into the night.

All inght long he rode, as if some pursuing field his horse, and rode off into the night.

All inght long he rode, as if some pursuing field was on his track, losing sight, in the eager haste of guilty fear, of all prudence in the management of his horse.

At the mention of his wife's name, the eyes of Jack Long began to blaze with a fierce and threatening fire; but Charlie kept on, boldly, for he had something on his mind to say, and he did not hesitate to say it—with what effect we shall see hereafter.

At the end of the conference, the hunter struck into the woods, and Charlie returned home, to relate his adventures to his sweet little wife.

Reckon he'll try it on, but it son't do! He was to de! He was to de!! And with these words, as the last clod fell upon the coffin, the wild looking apectator disappeared in the forest.

That night, as soon as darkness had covered the earth, Captain Hinch stole from the door of his almost deserted home, crept to the stable, saddled his port of all prudence in the stable, saddled his port of all prudence in the earth, Captain Hinch stole from the door of his almost deserted home, rept to the stable, saddled his port of all prudence in the management of his part of all prudence in the management of his horse.

All day long the truck, losing sight, in the eager haste of guilty fear, of all prudence in the management of his horse.

At the mention of his wife's name, the eyes of Jack Long began to blaze with a fierce and threath and the hearts, woman't have been developed in utter exhaustion, as the place of the p

concentrated upon him; and as a suggestion, because, if they found their way out of Shelby County, why should not he!

He owned but little land, and his horses and slaves were easily shipped for Shreveport, at the head of the Red River navigation, while all that he head of the Red River navigation, while all that he head of the Red River navigation, while all that he head of the Red River navigation, while all that he head of the Red River navigation, while all that he head of the Red River navigation, while all that he novements must be the through the same that his novements must be known to the terrible eyes whose watching presence seemed by him, even while he alept.

Oh!—the misery of those days of preparation! Human tongue or pen falls to describe the agony of quilt waiting for redribution!

Human tongue or pen falls to describe the agony of quilt waiting for redribution!

He had kept all a secure the head one of the tought; but the flickarish life of the dying man dwelf is a frame of keen and subtile byerceptions, and one afternoon, as the Captain pald his usual formal visit of mock friendship to the sick man's bedside, the doctor turned in bed, and looked him full in the face:—

"You warned his out of the country, and captain Hinch's chies relatives took possession of his effects. The world over the while the more than the least right to expect to every dorse or that one was the captain paid not not be aware that his novements must be distinct the parameter of the parame

fire."

And the canoe was thrust ashore, and Carrie and the stag-hound sprang out, followed by Charlie Grover.

Billy came forward to meet them, with a half-doubtful smile of welcome, as if he was only half sure that he had done right to let them land. He was tall for his age, and his young face were a premature expression of grim determination. There was that in his eye which said plainly, that if the enemy had been it the boat, he would not have hesitated a moment.

In enemy had been it the boat, he would not have hesitated a moment. "There's mighty few men I'd let come ashore

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped, And cruel in sport, as boys will be, Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit, And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird Carries the water that quenches it!

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird, Singing so sweetly from limb to limb; Very dear to the heart of Cur Lord Is he who pitten the lost like Him!"

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall, Tears of pity are cooling dew; And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

WHOLE NUMBER, 771. A Painful Incident in Chio History.

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well:
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

New Philadelphia, we find the picturesque little village of Ginadenhutten, on the cast bank of the Tuscarawas river, a place of nearly five hundred inhabitants, seeming in its beauty and seclusion to be a haven of rest from the world's cares; but ninety years ago the eighthem the world's cares; but ninety years ago the eighthem of horrible massacre on record, the principal deals of which we give below. At the time of this dreadful transaction, and for several years previous, the Indians composing or forming the Ginadenhutten Moravian Mission were subject to suspicion (undeservedly, however) from both the American and English, and at one time they were persuaded under the mask of friendship to leave their settlement, but after enduring untold hardships and many persecutions, they were exonerated from blame, and with thankful hearts, praising God, for they were Christians, they formed themselves into several divisions, numbering about one hundred and fifty men, women and children, and returned to their forsaken fields, the greater portion to fall victins to the treachery of the pale faces. The actors in this notorious murder consisted of about one hundred men, commanded by Colonel David Williamson, whose purpose was to destroy all the Moravian Indians, suppossing them to have been accessory to the killing of some white families on the Ohiortver, whose clothing had been traded to them by their wild brethren that had actually committed the bloody deed. Innocent of any wrong doing, these civilized red men were busy at their usual avocations, when they were captured by Williamson's military band, and the question as to whether they should be taken to Pittsburg as prisoners, or put to death, was presented by the commander to his company, to be decided by their ord. Eighty against eighteen or twenty determined the fate of the Indians. One night more of life was granted heard, and they were almost distracted, but placing implicit confidence in the Great State of the Indians. One night more of life was granted them. At t untimely end.

Under the shadow of a neighboring wood, a site and the spectator, a tall form, stood leaning on a rifle.

"Reckon he may have been the worst of 'end and 'I ain't sorry idmin't kill in my shadow of a neighboring wood, a site and the spectator, a tall form, stood leaning on a rifle.

"The stood he may have been the worst of 'end and 'I ain't sorry idmin't kill in my shadow of a neighboring wood, a site and the spectator, a tall form, stood leaning on a rifle.

"The stood he may have been the worst of each of the stood of the spectator, a tall form, stood leaning on a rifle.

"The stood he may have been the worst of each of the stood of the spectator, and his pretty wife turned the place for they knew vegy well what that meant, by the notchess they hid so lately counted.

Just then little Mollies came running down from the stood of the spectator of the spectator, and his pretty wife turned down, spectator disappeared in the spectator of the spectator, and his pretty wife turned the place of the spectator, and his pretty wife turned the place of the spectator, and his pretty wife turned the place of the spectator, and his pretty wife turned the place of the spectator, and his pretty wife turned the place of the spectator, and his pretty wife turned the place of the spectator, and his pretty wife turned the place of the spectator, and his pretty wife turned the place of the spectator THE COMING COMET.

The state of the s